

# Ruck

UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 9, 1916  
PRICE TEN CENTS

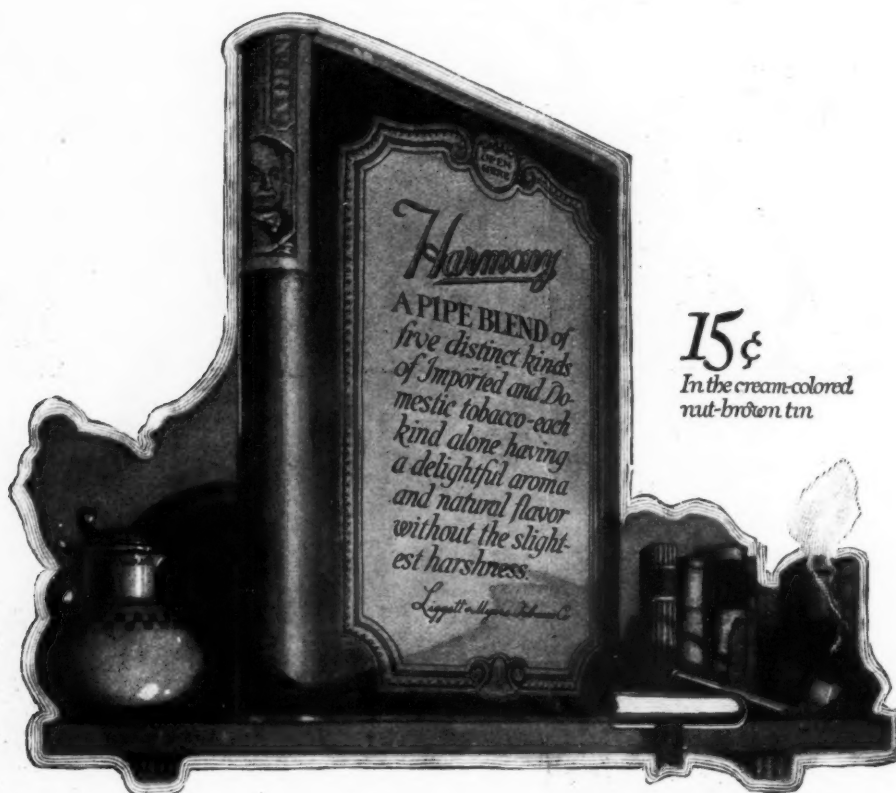


Drawn by Ralph Barton

8:15 P. M.

Puck

Gentlemen: We offer you Harmony Pipe Blend as the newest discovery in the art of blending tobaccos ♪ ♪



*Announcement* ♪ Harmony Pipe Blend has accomplished something NEW in smoking tobacco. It has succeeded in so intimately blending (or harmonizing) several different choice imported and domestic tobaccos that it has in reality produced a new, more delightful smoke-flavor—ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT A TRACE OF DISCORD.

Each of these tobaccos plays its own part in giving Harmony its cool and characterful flavor. One

is used for its exquisite AROMA—one for its “fruity” RICHNESS—one for its delicate PUNGENCY—one because of its unusual SWEETNESS—and one for its full, mellow “BODY.”

The result is a new, more delicious flavor—it might be called “rich mildness” so delicately does the rich savor of these tobaccos shade into mildness. But only your own, most cherished old pipe can reveal to you Harmony’s perfectly balanced taste.

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

# HARMONY

## ♪ A PIPE BLEND ♪

WHERE TO GET IT: At clubs, hotels and most tobacconists. If your dealer cannot supply you, enclose 15 cents in stamps, and we will send you this full-sized one-eighth pound tin, postage prepaid. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York.



TO THE DEALER: No one knows better than you that smokers have been waiting for a high-grade pipe blend at a reasonable price. Order Harmony Pipe Blend from your jobber, one pound or more, and it will be sent direct from the factory all charges prepaid.

# Five Famous PUCK Prints

Sent to any address on receipt of \$1.00, check or currency. Prints sold separately, at 25 cents each.



## THE PEARL IN THE OYSTER

by Lou Mayer



## SAFETY FIRST!

by Rolf Armstrong



## DELIBERATELY FRIENDLY

by Frederick Duncan



## THE SERENADE

by B. Wennerberg



## SOME BEARS!

by Rolf Armstrong

Five charming den pictures in full color, on heavy plate paper, size 11 x 14, sent to any address, carefully protected and all ready for framing for **\$1.00**

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 210 Fifth Ave., New York

"WHAT POOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

Puck



NATHAN STRAUS, JR., PRESIDENT AND PUBLISHER

10 cents per copy \$5.00 per year

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General Manager,  
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## The Pro-German PUCK

Puck is going to bring out a Pro-German number on September 18th (dated September 23d), and this is due notice to our Teutonic friends that they are at last to have an American periodical edited to their taste.

The Pro-German Puck will admit everything that our Hyphenated friends want us to admit. It will go far toward cementing the deep feeling of regard that they entertain for Old Glory and the land of their adoption.

No German-American can read this number of "America's Cleverest Weekly" without a feeling of pride and contentment with his lot.

Make a mark on your calendar today, so that it will not escape your notice — the Pro-German Puck on sale everywhere September 18th.

## The Happy Homecoming

Make it all the merrier by telling your newsdealer to resume serving you with Puck every Monday morning.

If you have been one of those lost souls marooned this summer where you found it impossible to get Puck from a newsdealer, you will experience a new joy in life by renewing your acquaintance with the little elf.

News-stands are not carrying the large stocks they once carried, and it is virtually necessary, if you would be sure of getting Puck regularly, to leave a standing order with your newsdealer to hold it for you, or to deliver it to you, every week.

Make this one of your first duties upon returning to town; it means a winter of good cheer.





**BURGLAR:** "There's that low-down, sneakin', slinkin' cop again. Always suspectin' some pore feller."

#### A Capsule Fable

Once there was a poor little lame boy. Naughty playmates used to taunt him and call him "Limpy" or "Gimpy."

Grown-ups used to look at him and say: "What a misfortune! What a handicap in life!"

A dozen years elapse.

The boys who were not lame have grown up to be shipping clerks or fourth assistant receiving tellers. One of them gets as much as \$18 per.

"Gimpy" is a star comedian in the movies, and every night, all over the United States, people laugh themselves sick at his "funny walk."

As for salary — Oh, la, la!

Moral: — The race is not always to the swift.

#### Allowing for the Delay

**CUSTOMER** (as tailor writes down measurements): Here! Those aren't my measurements.

**TAILOR** (stiffly): Those are what your measurements will be, figured scientifically, eighteen months from now when the suit will be done.

#### At the Fashionable Ones

**FRIEND:** Do your bathers ever go out as far as where the sharks are?

**PROPRIETOR FASHIONABLE BATHING RESORT:** Goodness, no! They never even go out as far as where the water is.

New York traction magnates groan under what they term the "enormous wage increase" demanded by the men. Perhaps their sufferings would be less acute if they threw back into the treasury some of the "bonuses" they received when the Subway contracts were signed. When men receive and accept gratuities of, say, \$100,000 for doing nothing in particular, they should curb their grief over an "enormous wage increase."

## His Lonely Vigil Along the Rio Grande—



—will be unburdened of many of its cares if the thoughtful ones at home will only send him

**Puck**

America's Cleverest Weekly

—"Received the reading matter," writes a 71st N. Y. man, "and when the fellows in my squad discovered copies of PUCK they made a wild dive to get them. They appreciate something that is full of pep."

—Send him PUCK for the next three months. You couldn't spend a dollar in any other way that would bring him more enjoyment.

—Mail for soldiers is handled carefully, expeditiously. He will be sure to receive PUCK regularly if you use this coupon.

**Q** A dollar bill pinned to this coupon, insures the arrival of PUCK along the Mexican Border every Tuesday morning.

PUCK 210 Fifth Avenue New York  
For the enclosed \$1.00, kindly mail the following name for  
a Three Months' Trial Subscription  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
COMPANY AND RESIDENT \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_



*Dreams—by Raphael Kirchner*



VI—THE CRIMINAL JUDGE DREAMS THAT THE MEN HE HAS SENTENCED TO THE GUILLOTINE RETURN AND WREAK VENGEANCE.

Copyright 1916 by Raphael Kirchner



Candidate Hughes bases his attacks on President Wilson on a few bad civil service appointments. Criticism of the unparalleled achievements of the Wilson administration by adverse comment on individual appointments is about as interesting as criticism of a masterpiece of painting by aspersions on the brushes and paints used to produce it.

A man in Chicago hasn't had a vacation in 49 years. Quoth the average vacationist: "Lucky dog!"

Almost any day, certain newspapers may start a rumor that Kumagae, the sensational Japanese tennis player, is really a regiment of armed coolies in disguise. The story that he has made elaborate sketches of all Eastern fortifications is already in type, no doubt.

The Kaiser was at the Austrian army headquarters on Friday and was a guest at a banquet in celebration of Emperor Francis Joseph's eighty-sixth birthday. — *Berlin dispatch.*

Sharing the perils of the first-line trenches with "my subjects."

While pressing a neck-tie, a citizen of Ohio managed to set his house on fire. It is a good thing for the local fire insurance companies that he hadn't undertaken a really big job, like pressing a pair of trousers.

One has to look twice to be convinced that the new Ford is a Ford. — *Automobile stuff.*

Is it necessary to listen twice?

Hughes and his Old Guard following have learned with a pang of surprise that the Bull Moose still has horns.

A high church official in Rome protests most vigorously against the costumes of the Roman women this summer. "They go about," he says, "dressed like tight-rope dancers, short skirts, high-heeled boots, transparent stockings, bare necks and arms." Needless to remark, while on this subject, it is not necessary for a woman to be in Rome to do as the Romans do.

In modern business, the man who knocks a competitor is considered a coarse worker. Better results are attained by boosting one's own goods. Some day, perhaps, this brand of horse sense may be extended to politics; but not while Charles E. Hughes is campaigning.

It is doubtful if Colonel Roosevelt approved of Wilson's calling the railroad people to conference at the White House. Roosevelt called such a conference during the coal strike, and from Sagamore Hill, it must look very much as though Woodrow were stealing Theodore's stuff.



CROWN PRINCE: "Say, Pop, you told me those people were dead."



— Drawn by W. C. Morris

Let us hope that Justice will not be forever blind.





## THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by Berton Braley

Drawings by Merle Johnson

With mien agitated  
The President stated  
"This railroad strike stuff is bad luck.  
It's my firm opinion  
That in our dominion  
The time for a strike hasn't struck."

A new hood's projected  
For Fords. It's expected  
To change their appearance a heap.  
Well, makers can change 'em  
Disguise, rearrange 'em  
But we can tell one in our sleep.

Judge Hughes and his lady  
Went down where 'twas shady —  
In depths of a mine shaft, and there  
Perhaps they got hint of  
The inky black tint of  
The depths of their coming despair.

The wig makers threaten  
To strike. Thus they get in  
The popular mood of the day.  
It brings quite a scare on.  
They must keep their hair on  
Or there'll be the dickens toupee.

The Great Somme offensive  
Seems much less extensive,  
But Italy's forcing her fight;  
And though Russia's slowing  
A bit, she's still going —  
We guess some offensive is right.

### FALL BONNETS



It's said that the Bulgar  
Is showing a vulgar  
Desire to be quitting the scrap,  
That Austria's wishing  
To quit and go fishing  
Or else to lie down for a nap.

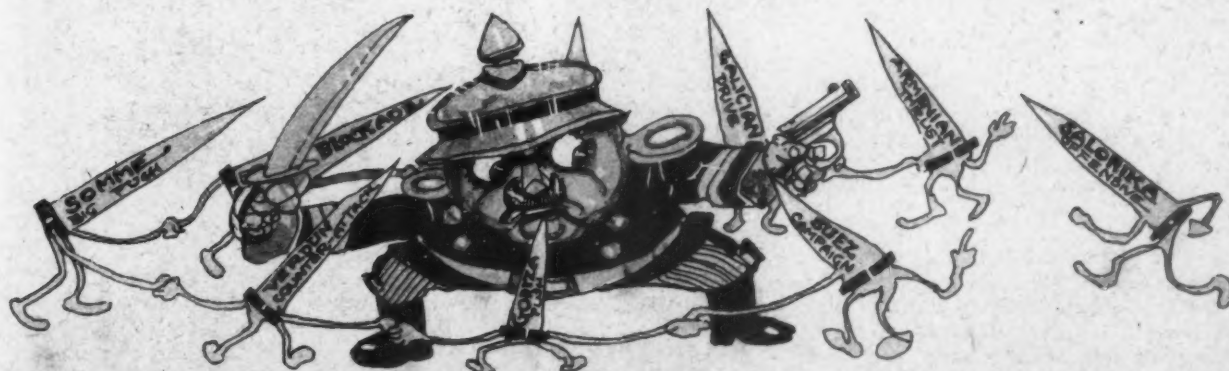
Rumania's slipping  
Ally-ward, and whipping  
Her army in shape for the row;  
And all things together  
We're wondering whether  
It's fun to be Kaiser just now.

With love that was fervent  
A faithful old servant  
Left all to her Missus. We sigh;  
For modern maids hit us  
For big pay, then quit us  
And don't even leave a "good-bye."

One hundred and fifty  
Bright, natty and nifty  
New vessels the navy will get.  
Well, nobody hollers;  
They cost lots of dollars  
But then, they are worth it, you bet.

The ship bill is carried  
With changes most varied,  
The army bill's vetoed with vim;  
The Mexican trouble  
Continues to bubble  
And Villa? They still bury him.

The air has more rigor  
It gives us more vigor  
The hunters are hearing the call,  
But most of the nation  
Is done with vacation  
And summer is turning to fall.







G. O. P. (to herself): "If the Judge and I move to Washington, it won't take long to get rid of that brat!"

— Drawn by Boardman Robinson



VOL. LXXX No. 2062



WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 9, 1916

"The Progressive party has come to stay. . . . Our purpose is to keep up a continuous campaign for social and industrial justice and for genuine government by the people and for the people. Such a campaign cannot be expected from any party that is partly reactionary."

—Theodore Roosevelt in the Campaign of 1912.

### The Hughes of To-day

"Where is Hughes gone? The Hughes of 1908? This is not he, this itinerant fault-finder, picking flaws here and there with as much emphasis as if he were attacking great evils and proposing statesman-like reforms—a man who walks over the issues like a cat, and springs only at small game."

—N. Y. Times

A GOOD simile this, comparing Candidate Hughes to the cat who steps gingerly over what he is afraid to attack and aims only at the little things. The difference between Candidate Hughes of to-day and Governor Hughes of nine years ago is a difference that is as incomprehensible to disappointed Republicans as it is to delighted Democrats. We have now had several weeks of the Hughes campaign, and yet even the best friend of the Republican Party and Mr. Hughes cannot gather from his speeches one constructive policy upon which to make an issue. The voter who goes to hear Candidate Hughes is regaled with picayune tales of district politics. He is told of Jim Jones who was displaced as dog-catcher by Bill Smith, and of Bill Smith's brother who was put, because he was a Democrat, in the place of sixteenth assistant postmaster long successfully administered by the Republican John Brown. Upon such issues as these, the voter is asked to fasten his attention, as the whiskered Candidate strides up and down the platform striving by shouts and heated words, combined with more heated gestures, to dispel the effect of his icy personality and his empty words.

We say that Candidate Hughes has been a delight to the Democrats. Such is hardly the case. It has been a delight to be re-assured by Judge Hughes' campaign that the best administration since the Civil War will surely be maintained in office for another four years. But no joy can be unalloyed; and to see Charles Hughes transformed from a very big man with a broad, constructive view, to a very small man with a petty, destructive view has not been a matter of pure pleasure to the many Democrats who were his friends. But little PUCK, with his motto "What Fools These Mortals Be," laughs along with the American voters at the Republican Candidate's stumping tour. For this is

what he sees: He sees the great edifice of public security, national prosperity and economic reform erected by the Wilson administration entirely ignored. With a magnifying glass the little candidate who is not big enough to comprehend the building itself seeks to pick flaws in the stones of which it is built. Upon these flaws he expatiates at length, hoping, but fortunately in vain, to draw the attention of his hearers to them and away from the edifice itself. But talk of bad judgment in some civil service appointments cannot make us forget the Federal Reserve Act and the Naval Bill. And empty words as to maintaining American rights will not make us forget Wilson peace and Wilson prosperity. Candidate Hughes may amuse us as he springs at small game, but we cannot forget the big achievements of the administration over which he walks like a cat.

### The Real Issue in Greenland

IN the course of its desperate search for a live campaign issue, the New York *Sun* discovers that in our proposed treaty to acquire the Danish West Indies the Wilson administration "will not object to the Danish Government extending their political and economic interests to the whole of Greenland."

We were expected to shudder with horror and surmise that the Monroe Doctrine was about to be betrayed. In rebuttal the New York *World* confessed:

"It is true that Greenland was discovered by a Norwegian over 500 years before America was discovered by Columbus, and over 800 years before the Monroe Doctrine was enunciated, and that it has been a Norwegian and then a Danish colony ever since. But our government has claimed, but never pressed, certain vague and academic rights in Greenland."

"And now, forsaking these sacred rights, our recreant administration betrays the Monroe Doctrine by abandoning this arctic portion of our hemisphere to its hideous fate, conceding to a European power 'the right to extend their system' over some 20,000 Eskimos who have been governed under that system for just a trifle under one thousand years!"

We fear the *World* was flippant, and did not perceive and tremble at one of the most dreadful phases of the situation in Greenland. If the proposed purchase had been made, what would have become, we'd like to know, of our territorial claims to the ice around the North Pole, established by Discoverer Peary and old Doc Cook? There lies the real issue. No Imperialist would stand idly by and see Cookland, Pole-land and the Gum Drop Plateau fall into the hands of a European Power.



## The Fight Over the Custody of the Dog

(The Storm-Centre of Future Divorce Cases.)

RENO, NEV., Sept. 1, 1936. — Mrs. O. Water Wadd, who was formerly Miss Neva Uptil Noone of New York and Kennebunkport, Me., was today given an absolute divorce from O. Water Wadd, the prominent clubman and peanut-bagger of Philadelphia, Cos Cob and Patchogue, L. I., by Judge Severance Bonds. Mrs. Wadd was furthermore given the custody of the yellow Peruvian Cinchona Terrier, Diddleums Dido, which has been the cause of so much sensational testimony in the Wadd-Wadd divorce suit. Mrs. Wadd secured her divorce on the grounds of cruel and unusual severity, proving to the satisfaction of Judge Bonds that Mr. Wadd, from July, 1931, to November, 1935, refused to purchase gasoline with which to perfume Diddleums Dido's silky coat.

A corps of private detectives, employed by Mrs. Wadd, testified that Mr. Wadd had not only been seen to feed Diddleums Dido on warm milk and new bread, which never fail to cause a dog to contract several unpleasant ailments, but that he had also been seen to give Diddleums Dido large quantities of free lunch, even allowing him to eat Swiss cheese with mustard on it, and salt fish. Two of the detectives testified that Mr. Wadd, one cold winter night, refused to permit Diddleums Dido to climb under the bedclothes with him, and that as a result, the poor dog shivered so severely that he shook out over a cupful of hairs.

The popular indignation at this tale of cruelty was such that strong men reversed their cuffs, while one of the spectators rose to his feet and threw a dog-biscuit at Mr. Wadd.

When the bailiffs had quieted the disturbance, Judge Bonds bitterly arraigned Mr. Wadd for his cruelty and carelessness toward Diddleums Dido. It was one of the most scathing arraignments ever heard in the local court. At its close, he ordered that Diddleums Dido be handed to his mistress. As the little dog leaped into Mrs. Wadd's lap, planting his feet on her *chemin de fer* lace stomacher and lapping her face with his tongue, the court-room burst into tumultuous applause.

Mrs. Wadd, weeping with happiness, declared that she and Diddleums Dido were going to hire a yacht and cruise in the Mediterranean in order to recover from the nervous strain of the trial, which had almost wrecked Diddleums Dido's health.

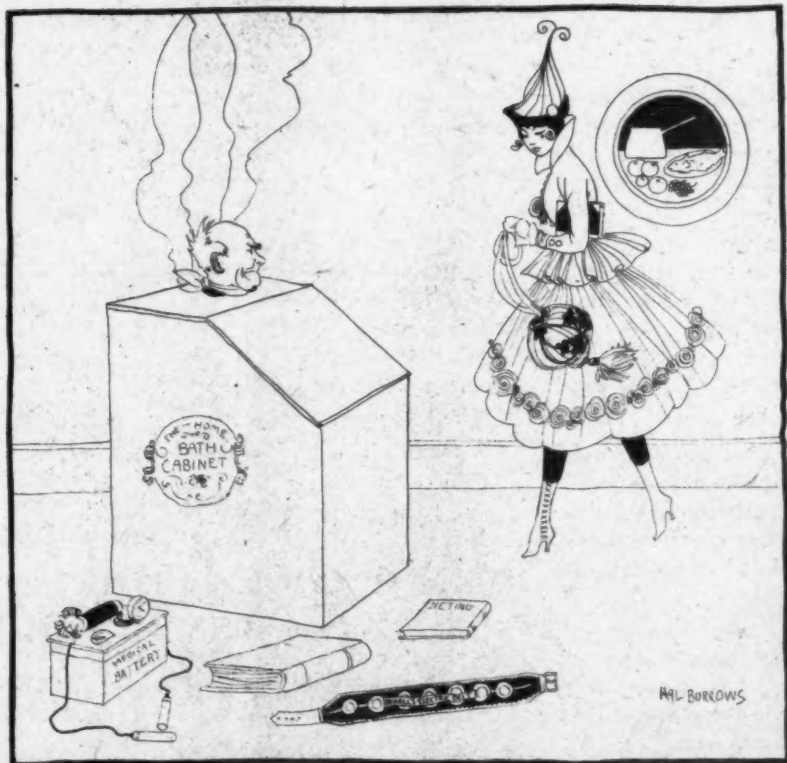
Mr. Wadd was so upset by his defeat that he retired to his room at the hotel and kept the entire hostility awake with his sobs and groans.

— Kenneth L. Roberts.



A SAFETY MATCH

—Drawn by Walter de Maris



—Drawn by Hal Burrows

FATHER:—"Pauline, how foolish of you to go to that spiritualist seance! I don't take any stock in fads."



## Back to the Land and Back

Sept. 15. — What fools city people are to go back to town in such weather — such glorious weather — as this! Why, the country is at its best now. I couldn't be hired to move in. We shall probably stay out here until after Christmas.

Sept. 20. — The foliage is beginning to turn and the maples are gorgeous. I look forward to every day with increased zest. Don't see why, though, the railroad should be in such a hurry to put its Fall timetable into effect. Only one decent train, morning and evening, now. There used to be a choice of three.

Sept. 25. — Our girl left to-day. She said she liked the country and would stay as long as we wanted her to, but then there is no counting on help. No more expresses to the city; morning train changed to a local beginning to-day. Shall write and complain to the Public Service Commission.

Oct. 1. — Got a new girl at last. Told my wife she liked the country.

Oct. 2. — Girl left to-day; told my wife the country was too lonely for her. Our neighbors, the McBrowns, closed their house and went to town, also. Foliage very pretty, although not so beautiful as I had anticipated.

Oct. 5. — Almost got a fine girl to-day, but she balked when I told her where we lived. Tried to get her interested in the foliage, fine, bracing air, etc., but couldn't tell her a lie when she asked me if there were any moving-picture shows. There are not. Some of these nights, when it gets dark so early, I wish to gosh there were.

Oct. 6. — Rain; train an hour late getting to town. Washout. Only three cars and people standing up in all of them. Windows all shut and atmosphere vile.

Oct. 7. — Dab bad cold id by dose and head. Stayed dome.

Oct. 9. — Shut up the house and came back to town. Autumn foliage pretty, but we can't eat it.

## No Use Ringing Any Door Bell

"I got a good Boss, Mamie. This morning I made so many mistakes and — what do you think! — he give me a present."

"Yeh? What?"

"A book called 'The Deserted Village.'"

To put it in suitable form for the vaudeville stage, cast out first the motor out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the Ford out of thy brother's eye.

Eventually, of course, the theatre programmes will just run a couple of blank pages under the "What the Women Are Wearing" heading.



"Well, Myrtle, I'm leaving the house in your charge. I only hope I'll find it all right when I return this evening."

"I sincerely trust so, Mamma, for I should hate to think of your being in a condition where you couldn't."



"Maria, you get heavier every minute."



REPUBLICAN POLITICIAN: "You poor boys! Wilson should send you into Mexico instead of letting you suffer here on the Border."

## Feminine Psychology

"I ain't pretending to know anything about dames," thundered the new summer boarder to the group on the porch, "except that you must take them by contraries."

"That isn't true," objected the thin woman near him. "I *always* mean what I say."

"You may mean what you say when you say it," continued the man with the expansive voice, "but how about the next half hour? Well, here's a case in point. I knew a girl — let's call her Maude — who used to be strong on painting pictures of who her husband was to be. She had it all doped out, head to hoof. He was to be one of those stalwart yaps who seize a woman by the hair and wipe up the floor with her before laying down the law; one of those masterful guys who'd just as soon throw a brick as a kiss. You know — cave-man stuff. Well, who do you think she married?"

"A man like you, of course. You seem to answer the description from every point of view," snapped the thin woman to the surprise of all hearers.

He laughed an Olympian laugh.

"You may mean what you say," he roared, "but what you say ain't right this time. Maudie married the sort of little Mollyboy whose mother didn't raise him to be a soldier or anything with red blood in it. When he opens his mouth to speak you feel like squashing his face and murmuring, 'Who let loose them dulcet tones?' The poor thing trembles every time she sneezes."

"Umph," muttered the thin woman.

"Now there's another case — let's call her Sophie —" continued the jovial narrator, "she hankered after a refined guy, a feller who, when he entered the room, they'd all whisper: 'Gee, that's the Peruvian ambassador! Don't he talk grand?' Her ambition, she said, wouldn't be realized until a gink with all the graces of polite society lassoed her with a little gold band. Who do you think she married?"

"Reasoning by analogy," asserted the thin woman tartly, "she must have married her antitype, a ruffian."

He greeted her with a loud guffaw.

"Well you're stung good and proper this time," he gurgled. "She married me."

For a moment there was painful silence. Then the thin female suddenly left the porch. Her retirement looked somewhat like a retreat. The victor puffed out his chest patronizingly.

"Fine little woman that," he confided to the ring of amused listeners, "but you mustn't let 'em get the upper hand. That's my wife."

## Letters

In the Summer time I receive more letters from readers than the rest of the year. Perhaps leisure, abetted by the baleful influence of the dog-star, Sirius, may explain the reason. Young men write asking me to send them a course of reading for their vacations; and I haven't the time to make one for myself! Fair maids and matrons — but this won't do; this page is not an agony or want column. One letter, however, piqued me. The writer, evidently a youth bent on literary honors, begged me to tell him about Flaubert's "Sentimental Education." Was it Englished? I did not know of a translation until the other day when one by D. F. Hannigan, L. L. B., fell into my hands. I read it and while it is miles away from the French, the translator has accomplished his task as well as might be expected. Only Flaubert could paraphrase Flaubert. If you can't read the French, read this version, which is as a gray engraving when compared with the rich coloring of the original. The music, the marvellous and canorous music, is altogether missing, for as Henry James said, Flaubert's pomp of syntax is addressed in his code peremptorily to the ear. There may be other translations but I haven't seen them. Nevertheless, I loathe translations.

**The Story of a Timid Young Man**

Flaubert, as George Saintsbury points out, occupied a very singular middle position between romanticism and naturalism, between the theory of literary art which places the idealizing of merely observed facts first of all, and is sometimes not too careful about the theory which places the observation first if not also last, and is sometimes ostentatiously careless of any idealizing whatsoever. Flaubert's realism was of a vastly superior sort to pierce behind appearances, and while his surfaces are extraordinary in finish, exactitude, and detail, the aura of persons and things is never wanting. His visualizing power has never been excelled, not even by Balzac; a stroke or two and a man or woman peers from behind the types. He ambushed himself in the impersonal, and thus his criticism seems hard, cold, and cruel to those readers who look for the occasional personal fillip of Fielding, Thackeray, and Dickens. This frigid withdrawal of self behind the screen of his art gave him all the more freedom to set moving his puppets. For those who mortise the cracks in their imagination with romanticism, Flaubert will never captivate. He seems too remote. He regards his characters too dispassionately. This objectivity is carried to dangerous lengths in "Sentimental Education," for the book is in the minor key, without much exciting incident; that is, exciting in the Dumas or Stevenson sense; and it is very long.

# The Seven Arts

by James Huneker



**A Big Book** Five hundred pages seem too much by half to be devoted to a young man who doesn't know his own mind. Yet Frederic Moreau is a man you may meet on your way home. He is born in every land, and in great numbers, and his middle name is Mediocrity. But the golden mean of his gifts does not bring him happiness. He has some money and was born in the French province, of middle-class parents. He has just taken his bachelior degree in the law schools when the story begins. On the steamboat bound for Nogent-sur-Seine, Frederic meets Arnoux, a Paris art dealer, an admirably drawn portrait of a frivolous scamp. Frederic falls in love with Madame Arnoux. That love, the leading motive of the novel, proves his undoing. And yet it is his one pure, disinterested love; a sample of Flaubert's irony, who refuses to be satisfied with the conventional minor moralities, or the average novelist's disposition of events. Frederic goes home, but cannot forget Madame Arnoux. He is good-hearted, romantic, rather silly, and hopelessly weak. The every-day young man, in a word. As the sound of a firm clanging chord his character is indicated at the outset and there is little later development. Like the flow of some sluggish river through flat lands and oozing embankments his life canalizes at a leisurely tempo. He loses his patrimony. He inherits from his uncle a fortune. He goes back to Paris. He lives in its Bohemia, and he also frequents the salons of the wealthy. He encounters on every side meanness, hypocrisy, fraud, rapacity, and like Rastignac, that wonderful young man of Balzac, he becomes a bit of a snob. He is fond of women, but constitutional timidity prevents from reaping real success with them; he is always afraid of being interrupted, and illustrates the truth of the adage that a faint heart never won a fair lady. He fears the sound of his voice when he asserts himself; yet in the duel with that noble ninny, Vicomte Cisy — one of the most superbly satirical set pieces in the literature of fiction — Frederic is seemingly brave.

**His Loves**

His relations with La Maréchale are wonderfully set forth; he is her dupe, yet a dupe with eyes wide open, and without a desire for retaliation. She is truthfully pictured, a courtesan, neither sentimental like Camille, nor pity-breeding like Sonia. The typical girl of the streets, she gets on in the world through sheer luck. She is plump, good-tempered and improvident. Flaubert, who detested false sentiment, did not paint her as a monstrous personification of evil, as did later, Zola in Nana. Rosanette, known as La Maréchale, is a gay, entertaining young person and the night that Frederic weeps on her shoulder, because Madame Arnoux has failed to keep her appointment with him —

(Continued on page 20)





MORRIS

—Drawn by William C. Morris

G. O. P.: "Where is that policy?"



### A Logical Question

"My heart is broken!" little Adaline announced, tripping gay as a butterfly up my front stoop. She didn't look it, so I said, sympathetically, "Too bad! What broke it?" "The wind," answered Adaline, with arch detachment; and she went on: "Did you was smoking a cigarette?" Adaline is five-and-a-half next birthday, and I owe to her some excellent bits of good bad grammar. For

with her new roller-skates. They came to her as a consolation for her small brother's tricycle. The kid next door had one, so he wanted one, too. His papa, who "doesn't believe in giving children everything they ask for," told him that Santa Claus would bring it, when the snow came. Little brother, who has only three years' experience in meteorology, and so has not had time to generalize, has been waking the household at

ly I saw where that would lead, but it was too late. Adaline had seen it too: "Was you good?" she asked, with irrefragable logic. Lame-ly, I tried to explain that the exception proved the rule, but I could see she didn't believe me.

—Charles Johnston.

Some day, perhaps, a newspaper will publish a table of competitive advertising gains in which it reveals itself as finishing elsewhere than first. And then the millennium will happen along and spoil things.

"Hughes Lionized," runs a headline. And who will beard him?



RENEWING OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

—Drawn by Calvert

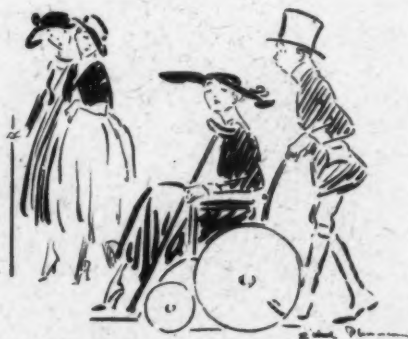
instance, I was at the table, the other day; Adaline peeped in at my front door, and scented the possibility of crackers. So, when I rose to meet her, she said, in a tone of innocent inquiry: "What did you was doing in the dining-room?" Of course the answer she wanted was: "Eating cake; won't you have a piece?" She also says: "Did you went to town yesterday?" the reasonableness of which, in spite of the grammarians, is patent. I also owe little Adaline an excellent bit of logic. She came stumbling up the porch, yesterday,

five, all through the hot-wave, to look whether there was snow on the ground. There wasn't, but — he has his tricycle. But I was telling about Adaline. Stumbling up the steps in her roller-skates, she sat down beside me, and kindly knocked the ash off my cigarette. "Did you had roller-skates, when you was a little girl?" she asked; then, eyeing my moustache, she said, "You turned out a man, didn't you? — I don't want to turn out a man!" Unforesightedly, I reassured her, "Be very good, and you won't turn out a man." Instant-



"Don't you know how old you are?"

"No, I don't. I was hatched from a cold storage egg and so I don't know whether I'm a spring chicken or an old rooster!"



"What's the matter with Evelyn?"

"She had a house-maid's knee and refused to admit it until it got pretty bad."

It seems that the country is not very enthughesiastic.

A big New York hotel has cut down the size of its menu cards because of the white paper shortage. Probably it won't occur to them to cut down the prices because of the ink shortage.

No, Geraldine, "Cold Wave Coming" does not necessarily mean that Mr. Hughes is going to speak in your town.

Housewives will be interested to know that the New York Herald, which is soft under the carpets and fine for covering shelves, has been reduced from three cents to one.

### An Easy Mark

The captain of the battle cruiser led me down into his room. He closed the door.

"Yours shall be the honor of first telling the story of how we caught the enemy's submarine," he said.

"But you haven't caught it yet," I replied.

"No. But we shall. Here is an idea."

He brought out from a closet what appeared to be a small boat. He put in it a mast, to which was attached a tiny flag.

top. It began to circle about us, in widening circles. An hour passed. Nothing happened. I began to get tired with the strain. And then—

There was a shout.

In a moment we were headed about speeding toward the spot where the little flag had disappeared.

The lookout reported.

"Submarine dead ahead, sir. Quite visible in thirty feet."

In another moment we were over it. A quiet order. A dull under-sea explosion. The captain turned to me grimly:

### Her Observation

MISTRESS: Why did you come all the way upstairs to ask me such a trivial question? You could just as well have asked me on the speaking-tube.

BRIDGET: Shure, mum, Oi always thought yez only used thot thing whin yez wanted to bawl somebody out.

BOBBIE: But why do you reject me? Is there another fellow?

BESSIE: Possibly! Did you think you were the last of the species?



—Otho Cushing—

—Drawn by Otho Cushing

### LENOX SOCIAL ITEM—

"Mrs. Jones' little motor parties have done much to bring people together informally."

"This little boat," he said, "we control by wireless. It has a speed of eighteen knots an hour. Watch us catch that submarine."

We had left the harbor an hour before and were speeding out toward the open sea. We were now well beyond the three mile limit. The captain gave an order to one of the officers. The boat was brought forward. In the centre was a curious dark object.

"You shall see," whispered the captain.

The miniature boat was launched. It sped away over the waves perfectly controlled by the officer in the

"We got him that time," he said. "That little boat carried a powerful lodestone. When the boat got over the submarine, it dipped under. Quiet, easy hunting, eh?"

### Wasted Advice

SAGE: Don't be petty, young man. Try to think of big things.

ORDINARY GUY: That's all right, but I'm not particularly interested in elephants, mountains or skyscrapers.

FORTUNE TELLER: You are going to hear of a death.

JONES: No doubt at supper! My wife is at the movies this afternoon.

Hughes and Fairbanks would undoubtedly carry the North Pole, but there is some doubt about all points South.

By the time he is ready to get down to brass tacks many a man discovers that the tacks have been pulled out.

A number of Republicans in both houses of Congress voted in support of President Wilson's Anti-Child-Labor Bill. Mr. Hughes, we presume, will rebuke them with all the force of his celebrated "judicial temperament."



## THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

By H. C. BUNNER

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

### PART III

THEN Mr. Runyon saw them, and called them up to be introduced to the proprietor of the Opera House.

He was a very fat Jewish gentleman, Mr. Jacobs, who had little attention to pay to them, being too much employed in using unkind language to the stage-hands. They caught a few glimpses of the members of the company, who had assorted themselves among various small dens at the back of the stage, from which they occasionally came forth in progressive stages of disfigurement, their faces smeared with paint and spotted with patches of impossible hair. It was all a dreary nightmare, the more ghastly that it seemed extremely business-like, and that the two lonely Browns had no place in it. It was really a relief when Mr. Runyon, remembering their existence, hustled them into a bleak little room overhanging the rushing river, which he said was the green-room.

"You'd better sit here a bit," he said, "and be out of the way."

"Paul, dear," said Adèle, "so far, I don't think the theatrical business is very nice, do you?"

Paul was looking out of the window over the river.

"It isn't very cheerful," he replied. "But, Good Gracious, Adèle! Look here!"

Adèle joined him at the window and peered with him into the darkness below.

"Why, Paul," she said, "it's Mr. Slingsby. What is he doing?"

It was Mr. Slingsby. He was standing just under the window, on the stone wall that curbed the river bank, and he was carefully examining the fastening of a row-boat that was tossing restlessly on the swollen breast of the stream. After a moment or two he was joined by Mr. Mingies and a boy, who carried a trunk between them. They exchanged a few words in a whisper, and then they lowered the trunk into the boat and the boy rowed off into the darkness. In a few minutes he returned, but the trunk was not in the boat. Mr. Slingsby and Mr. Mingies, who had retired into the theatre building, reappeared with another trunk, and the boy rowed it away in the same manner. Three times was this mysterious performance repeated. Then Adèle, remembering the fate of the umbrellas, cried out suddenly:

"Why, Paul, they can't be exchanging those trunks for things to drink!"

Both of the gentlemen on the bank below started violently, as they heard Adèle's voice. They looked up and saw the two faces at the window and then each of them laid a finger on his lips, and said "Sh-h-h-h!" in a very significant and tragic manner.

"Mr. Slingsby," said Paul, severely, "are we deceived in you? What does this mean?"

"Sh-h-h-h!" said Mr. Slingsby again. "It's all right, dear boy; 'pon me honor it's all right."

"What are you doing with those trunks?" demanded Paul.

"Sh-h-h-h-h!" hissed Mr. Slingsby. "For 'eaven's sake, sh-h-h-h-h! Is Runyon there?"

"No," said Paul.

"Look over your shoulder," whispered Mr. Slingsby. "E's a devil for snooping."

"I tell you," said Paul, "we are alone. But I want to know what you are doing with those trunks."

use. There's nothing for us to do but to get out, and get out quick. You lower your wife down out of that window, and drop after her. Let her down easy and you can just get her feet on my shoulders. I've taken ladies out of that window before."

"But what's going to become of the play to-night?" cried Adèle. "How can they have any play if you all run away?"

"There won't be any play to-night," said Mr. Delancey, emerging from the door beneath the Browns, "unless Runyon plays the Sheriff for a sucker. And that ain't likely. We've been here five times before."

"Urry up," said Mr. Slingsby, beseechingly; "the ladies will be here in a minute. They are just washing up and getting their things on."



"I'm sitting in her lap or we'd have been at the bottom before this."

"Dear boy," hissed Mr. Slingsby, waving his hands wildly, "just listen to your old uncle for one minute. They're after Runyon again!"

"Who are?" asked Paul.

"Why, the Sheriffs," said Mr. Slingsby. "They always are, you know. There are more judgments out against Runyon than any man in the country."

"And they are right onto him in Tunkawanna," said Mr. Mingies, solemnly.

"That they are," Mr. Slingsby chimed in. "It's good-by to the trunks if they get them here. There's two of the Sheriff's men in front of the house now. Jacobs is trying to bluff them, but it won't be any

"Do you mean," said Paul, in a voice of indignation, "that we are to run away from the Sheriff?"

"You bet," said Mr. Delancey, flippantly; "and mighty lively, too."

"Well," said Paul, "I will not be a party to any such proceedings. I am Mr. Runyon's partner, and whatever legal difficulties he may have gotten into, I will stay and face them out with him."

Here Mr. Mingies spoke forth for the first time, in the full round voice of authority.

"Young man," he said, "you are young. From your looks I should take you to be twenty-five, and from your experience of the world I am led to think that you are



about nineteen. If you remain in this town of Tunkawanna to fight the judgments that Runyon has run up in the last fifteen years, you will be a middle-aged man before you get through with the last case. Now you take the advice of one who has had experience in this profession. You have a wife there. Let her down easy out of that window, and we'll be in the State of Pennsylvania inside of fifteen minutes. Mr. Slingsby will assist the lady."

Mr. Slingsby promptly backed up to the wall, braced his tall form against it, squared his shoulders, and, with knightly courtesy, dropped his chin upon his breast. A moment later, Adèle was gently lowered to the ground by three pairs of gallant hands.

The Brown family found some difficulty in getting into the stern of the boat, for the water was high and rough, and the stone wall was slippery. Adèle clung closely to Paul. The black night frightened her, the roar of the river, and the fitful, furious onslaughts of the wind and rain.



"Aunt Sophy," said Miss Mingies, "you always were a lady."

It brought a sense of positive comfort to her heart to hear the cheerful, motherly voice of Aunt Sophy Wilks, and to see her massive form descending into the boat. Mrs. Wilks was as calm and unperturbed as though she were the Queen of England receiving her friends.

"Ah, my dear," she said, "it's you, is it? Glad you're going to be with us. But this sporting life is killing me. It's too volatile and I'm too weighty. Say, boys," she continued, addressing the gentlemen on the bank, "you'd better hurry up. I think they've got Runyon." Mr. Delancey put his head in the black doorway and called softly up the stairs:

"Hi, girls," he said; "hurry up!"

A minute passed, and then the two Browns, rocking madly in the rowboat, which the



It did not keep Mrs. Wilks warm, but it made her talkative and tearful.

boy vainly tried to steady with the oars, looked up and saw four more dark figures appear upon the wet and wind-swept stone wall.

With many little muffled cries of fright, the ladies were lowered into the boat. There were two pairs of oars, and Mr. Delancey took one pair.

"It's a good thing, Delancey," said Mr. Slingsby, "that you can row."

He laid a peculiar and severe emphasis upon the word "row," which must have conveyed an unpleasant meaning to Mr. Delancey, for he frankly and simply responded:

"You be damned."

"Cast off!" said Mr. Mingies to the boy with the air of a Rear Admiral.

The boy clambered up to the top of the bank and began to struggle with the knot of the painter, while the ten people in the rowboat huddled together in their crowded quarters, and tried to trim the craft.

"Aunt Sophy," inquired Mr. Slingsby "are you dead over the keel?"

"If I was an inch to one side," replied Aunt Sophy gravely, "it would be the end of this boat-load."

And then for a moment it seemed as if the end had come. That furious last gust which rounds up a great storm struck them as suddenly as a flash of lightning, snapping

the painter as if it had been a thread, and drove the boat into the angry, rushing current of the river. The women shrieked as they were swept into the darkness; and blacker than all the black things about them, the great arches of the railroad bridge loomed up in their path. Then the torrent swept them madly through that dim gateway; and as they rushed on into the howling darkness, Mingies, who had cast one hasty look behind, remarked casually:

"Runyon got out the back window."

"Oh, Paul," whispered Adèle, touching his hand, "do you think there's any danger?"

"No," said Paul, reassuringly; "not the least." But his heart sank as he put his arm around his wife and drew her close to him.

"Oh, Paul," she cried with a gasp, "how wicked we were not to be content!"

Just as she spoke, there was a sound like a pistol shot, and Mr. Delancey was thrown off his seat into the bottom of the boat. Then he scrambled up with a white face and reached out madly over the side. One of his oars had broken and the other had been torn from his hand.

Adèle hid her face on Paul's breast, and the two sat silent. But their companions were not silent. Their voices rose up in cries that ought to have been heard on

(Continued on page 23)



## EPISODE TWELVE

## THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

**Were They White?**

Terry Poe swapped horses a few days ago with Will Coburn, Terry getting a big blind mule and Coburn getting a big blind mare.

—*The Bloomfield (Mo.) Vindicator.*

**Mean**

Tommy Tinker is growing so fast his parents have ordered of Sears & Roebuck an extra large washpan in which to bathe his feet.

—*The Trimble (Ky.) Democrat.*

**Hale But Not Hearty**

Mrs. Hale is having wind mill trouble.

—*The Guymon (Okla.) Democrat.*

**Bountiful In Spirit, Perhaps**

At noon a bountiful dinner was served. The Ladies' Aid Society of the church served coffee and ice cream.

—*The Fort Wayne (Ind.) Journal-Gazette.*

**Still Interested**

NOTICE—Mrs. Mehlek, my wife, left me, and I don't stand for no credit. If anybody sees her please let me know. Mr. Andy Mehlek.

—*The Pueblo (Colo.) Star-Journal.*

**Symphonic**

The bride wore a traveling suit of dark blue serge while the groom wore a midnight blue.

—*The Rural Valley (Pa.) Advance.*

**In A Dry State**

Mrs. Cox of Dennyville was driving her car up Water street at a considerable rate of speed, and was handling it easily; when another car approached she apparently became confused and the car headed straight for the fountain.

—*The Lubec (Me.) Herald.*

At the junction of Schooner Head and Otter Creek roads the driver turned neither to the right nor turned to the left, but ran straight into the drinking trough.

—*The Bar Harbor (Me.) Record.*

**For Small Feet**

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational Church held a stocking social at the chapel Friday evening. Twice the size of the hose was the price of the admission. It was a pleasant occasion.

—*The Piscataquis (Me.) Observer.*

**Justice**

While Deputy Sheriff Wilkins was putting up a big sign down at the Four Corners warning people with automobiles to go slow through the town, he met with a funny accident by falling off the sign in front of an automobile and getting both legs broke and his shoulder badly crushed. The automobile run over him before it could stop.

—*The Fredonia (W. Va.) Chronicle.*

**A Sensible Start**

The couple were married at the home of the bride's parents, where they will remain until the bridegroom gets a job.

—*The Centralia (Mo.) Courier.*

**Facetious**

It is announced that in a new building to be erected in this city in which there are to be bachelor quarters a dumb waiter is to be installed. It would be well, too, if she was also deaf and blind.

—*The Sapulpa (Okla.) Herald.*

**Its News Till It's Printed**

We forgot to mention an item of several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Otto Jacobs entertained about thirty-five neighbors on the latter's birthday. Ice cream and cake were served.

—*The Holton (Kans.) Signal.*

**Equal Rights!**

If a woman went down town with a cigarette in her mouth, stood around on the corners and squirted tobacco juice all over everything, swore every other breath, used foul language and swaggered around, she would soon be arrested. But a man can do it and get away with it. Why?

—*The Stuart (Va.) Enterprise.*

**Indiscriminate**

Saturday morning Kenneth Kelsey caught an extra big carp, in the afternoon he had secured a large turtle and in the evening added a snake to his collection.

—*The Marcellus (N. Y.) Observer.*

## ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"That must be a mistake.



I'll ask my wife about it —



Say! we didn't order a feather duster."



## Camping With Her

By Elias Lieberman

### Characters

JOHN, almost half.

EULALIE, his better half.

### Place

A tent near a woodland lake in New Jersey.

### Time

An evening in summer.

*(They are discovered sitting on camp stools outside of the tent. About five yards in front of them a log fire is burning. Over it a pot of soup hangs simmering from an improvised tripod.)*

JOHN (violently striking his ankle): There goes another. If those little beasts keep this up, I'll commit murder.

EULALIE (querulously): You know, John, dear, I'm suffering as much as you are and I'm not saying anything.

JOHN (walking over and poking at the logs with a long stick): You'd better not say anything. All this was your idea.

EULALIE: Well, of all the men, if you aren't the most ungrateful!

JOHN (mock pathetically): Why on earth should I be grateful?

EULALIE: I've been trying for the last half hour to prepare supper and this is all the thanks I get.

JOHN: Didn't you say we ought to go camping because the open air life was the most natural for man to lead and therefore (another violent slap, this time on his forehead) the most pleasurable? Didn't you?

EULALIE (with heavy resignation): When a man is reasonable and patient no life is unendurable.

JOHN (rubbing the spot he had just slapped): Well, I didn't go into this as an endurance contest. I'm not Job. (Looking at the fire.) I don't like the looks of this fire. It's feeble. (He pokes viciously at it.)

*(Suddenly he looks up. The sky is overcast. A big drop of rain strikes his forehead. This is followed by many more. Then, gathering force, the rain begins to fall. The fire is completely extinguished. John rescues the soup pot and is drenched. He and Eulalie seek the shelter of the tent. She reclines on her cot; he sits on a camp stool.)*

EULALIE (looking up at the roof of the tent anxiously): What is that, John?

JOHN (sullenly changing his shirt): What do you think it is—a hand grenade? It's a drop of water, commonly called a rain-drop, d-r-o-p, drop.

EULALIE (haughtily): A cheap jest at such a time I consider doubly annoying.

JOHN (repenting slightly): The upper flap is loose and the rain is soaking through.

EULALIE: Well, something must be done, I think, or we'll be flooded.

JOHN: Something must be done. Who's the goat? Me, of course.

EULALIE (reprovingly): You're misusing "me" again. The objective case of the pronoun—

JOHN (threateningly): Woman, stop! (Muttering to himself): That's what I get for marrying a school teacher.

*(John hurriedly puts on his boots and poncho and slips out. While he tightens the guy ropes, Eulalie prepares coffee on an alcohol stove. John re-enters shedding the poncho.)*

JOHN: I guess that'll hold for awhile.

EULALIE: There's a good boy. (Contritely after a pause) Oh, John!

JOHN: What's up now?

EULALIE: I left the bottle of milk to cool at the spring and—

JOHN: I won't budge to get it. We'll drink the stuff black.

EULALIE (pensively): And the bread is probably soaked by this time.

JOHN (very fiercely): Who soaked it? I mean—er—why?

EULALIE (with refined moderation): You are losing your temper again, John. It's probably soaked because I left it in the potato sack.

JOHN: For the love of Pete, where did you leave the potato sack?

EULALIE (naïvely): Outside back of the tent.

JOHN: But why didn't you put the bread in the bread box? I imagine a bread-box is something into which one may put bread.

EULALIE: Don't be cross with me, darling. (John sulks like a big boy) When you brought the supplies in from the village I only half unpacked them. I just couldn't tear myself away from "He Loved Another." Charles Garnix is a wonderful writer. Such love-scenes and such knowledge of human nature!

JOHN (scornfully): It doesn't take any brains to write that mush—nor to read it.

EULALIE: What a tragedy to have a husband who can not enter into one's higher life.

JOHN: Bah!

*(With a saintly air Eulalie proceeds to pour some coffee for her husband. It is lukewarm. When John attempts to sweeten it the damp granulated sugar sticks to his spoon. He makes a wry face.)*

EULALIE (looking out of the tent at the teeming landscape): It's going to pour this way all through the night, so there's no use being peevish.

JOHN (moodily): Did you clean the lanterns? (Sarcastically) Or

maybe that nifty little entertainer Garnix did them?

EULALIE: Don't talk slang, John dear. Besides, if you are going to do the lanterns for me there is no use being cross about it, is there?

*(John savagely snatches two lanterns from the tool-chest and rubs at them vigorously. He fills them with oil, trims the wicks and adjusts the chimneys.)*

EULALIE (keeping the fingers of her left hand inserted between the leaves of "He Loved Another" not to lose the place, and pointing the index finger of her right hand to a nail over the cot and to another on the upright beam in the centre) Right there, John. That will give me enough light. You are a perfect dear. (Throwing him a kiss).

*(John grunts something strong but unintelligible. Eulalie, propped against cushions reads her book by lantern light and soon becomes deeply interested. Shrugging his shoulders, John takes his pipe out of his back pocket, lights it, throws one leg over the other and puffs away. Outside in the deepening shadows the rain falls heavily.)*



LOVER: "The most wonderful thing about nature is its mysterious, all-enveloping silence."

## The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 12)

he is like a shuttlecock between the two women — is a masterpiece of ironical observation. Infirmity of will allied to an attractive person is the basis of his character, and the presentation of his psychology is remarkable in its divination. He is not the hero, for, like "Pendennis," the Frenchman's novel has no hero; just as it is plotless, and apparently, motiveless. Elimination is unceasingly practised, yet the broadest effects are achieved; after second reading the apparent looseness of construction vanishes. Almost fugial in treatment is the development of episodes, and while the rhythms are large, elliptical and varied, the unrelated, unfinished, unrounded, decomposed semblances of life are cunningly preserved. The "figure in the carpet," the decorative, the thematic, patterns are never lost, and the web of assonance exquisitely spun. The entire book floats in the air. It is a miracle. It is full of the buzz and clangor of Time's loom. (All these qualities, however, are to be found only in the original.)

**The Unique Attraction** For me the unique attraction is Rosalie Arnoux, the wife of the egregious art dealer. Despite the fact that Henry James pronounced her a spiritual failure, she is one of the most charming portraits in French fiction, a virtuous wife, and a tender mother. The aroma of her character pervades the pages of this encyclopædia of life. How evoke for you the magical descriptions of the ball at the Alhambra, and that other masked ball at La Maréchale's; the duel, the street fighting during the revolution of '48, the cynical journalist, Hussonnet, both a type and an individual; the greedy Deslauriers, the peevish proletarian, Senecal, good-natured Dussardier? And Pellerin — who reads all the works on æsthetics extant so as to paint the more beautifully! And Mlle. Vatnaz, skinny, amorous, enigmatic! What shall I say of Louise Roque, of her peasant father, of the actor Delmar, who always turns his profile to his audience, of Madame Dambreuse and her sleek infidelities, of her avaricious husband, the banker, a whited sepulchre? And there is Frederic's mother, from whom he inherits some of his foolishness; and there is Regimbert — formidable, and thirsty Regimbert, with his oaths, his raging political opinions, his daily café-routé, and his air of magnificent bravado! The list is not large, but every figure is painted by a master. And the vanity, the futility, the barrenness of it all. It is the concentrated philosophy of disenchantment — as Edgar Saltus would say — and about the book hangs the inevitable atmosphere of mortification, of defeat

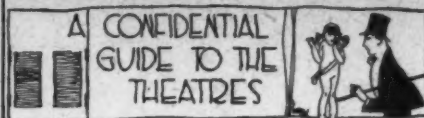
of unheroic resignation. But it is genuine life, commonplace, quotidian life, and Truth is stamped on its portals. All is vanity and vexation of spirit. The tragedy of the petty has never before been so mockingly, so menacingly, so absolutely displayed. Tchekoff, with his gray-in-gray minatures of misery, comes nearer to the French story than any other modern. Perhaps Henry James is right in declaring that "Sentimental Education" (a misleading title; it was to have been "Withered Fruits") is like the mastication of sawdust and ashes. A pitiless book, you will say! Yes, and it proves nothing, except that life is but a rope of sand. Read it, if you care for art in its quintessence; but if you are better pleased with the show and bravery of things external, avoid this novel for it is as bitter as a page from Ecclesiastes.

**Its Prose** There has never been in French prose such a densely spun style; the web glistens with the idea. Of opacity there is none. Like one of those marvellous tapestries woven in the East, the clear warp and woof of Flaubert's motive is never tangled, nor obscured. George Moore has declared that "Sentimental Education" is as great a work as Tristan and Isolde. It is the polyphony, the crossings and recrossings, the interweaving of the subjects, and the large elliptical thematic loops handled with such consummate mastery, that command our admiration. Flaubert was as much a musician as a writer. He had an ear for sonorous harmonies, the eye of a painter, the brain of a profound psychologist, and the soul of a poet. "Madame Bovary" is a more logically planned novel; "Salammbo" more vivid and colored than "Sentimental Education"; but the latter is closer to the line of life. It is a storehouse from which nearly every modern novelist of note has plundered and with success. But then the genius of Flaubert is inexhaustible.

## Head Work

"Maria, you'll never be able to drive that nail with a flat-iron. For heaven's sakes use your head," admonished Mr. Stubkins. And then he wondered why she would not speak to him the rest of the day.

The rumor that von Hindenburg will spring a drive at Moscow with the idea of embarrassing the Russians recalls to mind the achievements in that direction of a general named Napoleon. He, too, thought Moscow would be a good place to visit. Large numbers of his cannon are still at Moscow.



**GAITY** Bway. and 46th St., Evenings at 8.20, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.20

## Turn to the Right

"UNDILUTED JOY"—WORLD

**NEW AMSTERDAM** THEATRE W. 42nd St.  
Evs. 8.10. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.10

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After the Play Visit Atop New Amsterdam Theatre  
**ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT** MEETING PLACE OF THE WORLD  
**FROLIC**

**ELTINGE** Theatre, W. 42nd Street.  
Eves. at 8.15, Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15

A. H. Woods presents

## Cheating Cheaters

By Max Marcin

**REPUBLIC** Theatre, West 42nd St.,  
Eves. at 8.15, Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15

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## HIS BRIDAL NIGHT

with the  
**DOLLY SISTERS**

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A hideous libel from the West says that Roosevelt's name was "greeted with cat-calls." Softly, softly. Judge not hastily. They may have been bobcat-calls, and therefore complimentary to "the mighty hunter."

One of Turkey's representatives to this country says he "has every confidence that we will win eventually." The only trouble about "winning eventually" is that the referee's whistle may blow before you can get the ball across the goal-line.

Some four millions of women, we believe, will cast their votes for President at the November elections. And yet there are people who continue to ask: "I wonder if we'll ever have woman suffrage in this country?"

"Think of the American people being panic-stricken at the idea of reforming their own government."

—A political candidate.

In no sense remarkable. Many a man becomes panic-stricken at the mere idea of reforming himself.



THE OPTIMIST

A prominent American is weeping large, salty tears over the difference between American diplomats and the foreign-made article. "You meet the diplomat of a foreign nation," quoth he, "and you are amazed at his accomplishments." True; and one of his best tricks is his ability to get his country into, or nearly into, every war in sight. America, we fear, is in a bad way.

The story that T. Roosevelt and W. Barnes may work together, politically, this Fall, puts the lion and the lamb of biblical fame into the discard forever. They may lie down together as much as they please from now on, but with Roosevelt and Barnes as a rival attraction, who will pay them any attention?

Says Sarah Bernhardt: "One of the reasons why I am delighted to be going to America is that I hope to meet Charlie Chaplin." Is William Winter in the house?

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MAN: "Pardon me, madam, but you have seated yourself on my hat. Won't you please get up?"

MRS. FATTUMS: "But why? It's too late now."

### Songs Waiting to be Written

Music like tragedy is often useful in purging the emotions. As a vent for excessive feeling the following lyrics are suggested:

1. "Since Adam Made His Rib an Issue, Why Can't I Use My Beard?" (To be sung by Mr. Hughes and Chorus of desperate henchmen).
2. "I Really Hate to Differ But I Must, Must, Must." (To be used as an encore).
3. "Stop Kicking My Dachshund Around" (Buffo song with a pathetic touch).
4. "Mother, My Moose Won't Stay on the Moose, So I'm Slapping Its Horns" (Juvenile caprice for Teddy).
5. "Of all My Punctuation Marks I'd Dash That Hyphen First." (Uncle Sam).
6. "Xantippe Was a Shrewish Dame But Hadn't Much on Me." (George Sylvester Viereck with business of being really peeved. Please omit French horn in the otherwise augmented orchestra. Plenty of instruments of percussion).
7. "Freedom of Speech Means License to Screech" (German-American Press Yodel).
8. "Won't Some One Stretch His Loving Arms to Me?" (Sentimental ditty by a prima donna made up as a German-American Ballot).

A story from Indiana is headed "Great Barbecue to Start Fairbanks." What does this mean? That they will be obliged to build a fire under him?

### At Grips with Vice

A vice commission's report takes objection to a popular novel on the ground that it is lewd — pages: 20, 21, 43, 44, 46, 51, 52, 55, 56, 70, 71, 72, 78, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 150, 151, 152, 154, 155, 156, 158, 159, 160, 161, 163, 164, 167, 168, 171, 179, 180, 183, 245, 246, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 348, 350, 351, 445, 446, 531, 533, 539, 540, 541, 542, 551, 596, 597, 599, and profane — pages: 192, 335, 356, 379, 389, 408, 409, 410, 421, 431, 469, 566, 618, 678, 713, 718, and 722.

It is our sincere conviction that the investigators who reported on that book liked their work and did it conscientiously.

New Jersey has appropriated \$25,000 to acquire land for a park at the point where Washington crossed the Delaware. This being the case, it will doubtless be found that Washington crossed the Delaware at the point now owned by the man with the biggest pull.

On account of the infantile paralysis plague, there is talk in Europe of a quarantine against New York because "of the menace to the armies in training." Has Mars got down to babies? It would seem so.

Lincoln's favorite coachman has begun to die. The occasion is ripe, Washington's favorite body-servant having accomplished his last demise at least a decade ago.

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## The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 17)

either shore, and they must have rushed for ten minutes through that black and howling tempest before Slingsby and Mingies, who alone retained something like self-possession, could induce them even to sit still and minimize the risk of capsizing.

"Is that Aunt Sophy yelling like that?" shouted Mr. Slingsby from the bow to Mr. Mingies in the stern. "Don't let her move, Mingies!"

"I'm sitting in her lap," shouted back the ponderous, but long-headed Mr. Mingies, "or we'd have been at the bottom before this."

For some space the boat was whirled along, but whether they were hours or minutes in the power of the tempest, not one could tell. They had lost all sense of direction; they could not even see the white-capped water ten feet from the boat, and it seemed as though they were being hurled into infinite space through eternal night.

Suddenly they stopped with a crash and a jar that threw them in all directions. The chorus of shrieks arose again as the boat went to pieces under them and let them down into the water.

They did not have very far to go, however. Paul and Adèle found themselves sitting in a great deal of mud and very little water; and as the truth broke upon the minds of the others, that they were in no immediate danger of drowning, their alarm gradually subsided.

"Take 'old of 'ands," cried the ever-ready Mr. Slingsby. "We'll make a line and strike for the shore. Where are you, Mingies?"

The voice of Mr. Mingies boomed suddenly out of the darkness.

"Here," he said, in a tone of deep feeling. "And Mrs. Wilks and I are settling about six inches every minute."

Just here they heard a shriek that was without doubt from Aunt Sophia.

"What's the matter there, Mingies?" Mr. Slingsby called out.

There was great relief expressed in Mr. Mingies's voice as he cheerfully bellowed back:

"It's all right, now, Slingsby; it's all right. Mrs. Wilks has touched rock."

After a good deal of groping in the darkness, the more active members of the party formed a line, and each holding the other firmly by the hand, they began to feel their way toward the shore, through a darkness that seemed even deeper than they had previously encountered. Suddenly they were startled by a profane remark from Mr. Slingsby, who led the line.

"What is it?" cried Mr. Delancey, apprehensively.

"I bumped my head," replied Mr. Slingsby.

"Bumped your head?" cried his friends, in amazement.

"Against what?" demanded Paul.

"Against the Washington Monument, I should say by the feel of it," answered Mr. Slingsby, in his plaintive singsong. "It's 'arder than my 'ead, whatever it is."

"Oh, Paul," cried Adèle, desperately, "where do you suppose we are?"

"Slingsby," said Mr. Mingies, solemnly, "do you remember that when we were here,

(Continued on page 24)



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## The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 23)

five years ago, we had a little picnic down the river?"

"Yes," said Mr. Slingsby.

"A very enjoyable occasion?" continued Mr. Mingies.

"Yes," said Mr. Slingsby.

"Under the shore arch of a stone bridge?" pursued Mr. Mingies.

"Yes," said Mr. Slingsby.

"Well," said Mr. Mingies, "we are under that arch now. I can see the lights of the tavern on the other side of the river."

"Begad, you're right," said Mr. Slingsby.

"Let's have another picnic!"

"Certainly," said Mr. Mingies; "the moon is just coming out."

The storm had sunk a little, and one or two patches of light had appeared in the black sky, affording just enough illumination to reveal their situation to the castaways. It was far from pleasant. They were ashore, certainly; but the water had risen so high that it had covered everything except a little pile of rocks that lay against one side of the great arch, midway between its two ends. Mr. Slingsby painfully groped his way, first to right and then to left, and reported deep water in both directions. Mr. Delancey was with great difficulty induced to lead an exploring party down the stream, but, although he wore no watch, he refused to go in deeper than his watch-pocket, and came back in disgust. Paul tried to stem the current and to get up-stream, but after stepping into a hole and finding the water on a level with his ears, he agreed with Adèle that his duty was to stay by her side.

"There appears to be," said Mr. Slingsby, who was fumbling around and trying to familiarize himself with the boundaries of his pile of rocks, "a species of peninsula here which might at least accommodate the ladies. The sterner sex can sit at the base of the throne, as it were, and let the water flow through their trousers."

"A great mind that Slingsby has," said Mr. Weegan, who happened to be standing next to Paul. "It's a pity he can't act."

By dint of hard work the ladies were got upon the rocks. The entire party was obliged to form a line to haul Mr. Mingies and Mrs. Wilks from their anchorage; but finally five wet, cold, shivering women were pushed up the slippery stones, where they huddled together against the masonry. Below them, the men crowded as far out of the water as they could get. And thus they disposed themselves to await the dawn.

The river rushed madly by, roaring through the great hollow of the arch. The wind poured in on them in a way that made even the stout-hearted Slingsby observe that there was more draught than he cared about. Adèle sobbed quietly, with her head on Paul's shoulder.

"Oh, dear!" she said, "who would have thought it could have been so wicked just to want a little change? Don't you feel horribly wicked, Paul?"

"I feel wet," said Paul.

Their teeth chattered, and their bones ached. Even Mr. Slingsby could joke no longer. Everybody was sinking into a dull stupor of misery, except Aunt Sophia Wilks,

who was moving around on the topmost stone of the heap, in a way that excited the attention of Miss Mingies.

"Aunt Sophy," she cried, "what are you doing?"

About this time the rest of the shipwrecked travelers became conscious of a peculiar, yet an agreeable and familiar odor, which overcame the smell of the river and the damp stones.

Mr. Mingies rose to his feet.

"Georgie," he demanded, "did you have a bottle of cologne in your pocket?"

"Yes, Papa," said Miss Mingies.

"Then Aunt Sophy's got it. Take it from her."

But here the voice of Mrs. Wilks rose in indignant protest.

"I scorn your insinuations," she cried; "and if my 'usband was not in his grave you would not dare address such language to me. Cologne, indeed!"

"Have you got it?" asked Mr. Mingies of Miss Mingies.

"Paul," demanded Adèle, in a horrified whisper, "what is cologne made of?"

"It is principally alcohol, I believe, my dear," answered Paul.

"Oh, if my 'usband were here," wailed Mrs. Wilks. "Oh, Robert, Robert!"

Mr. Mingies resumed his seat in the river.

"It is the last infirmity of a noble mind," he said, "and I hope it will keep her warm."

It did not keep her warm, but it made her talkative and tearful; and, whereas she had hitherto been the most composed and cheerful of the party, she now showed a disposition to accept even the kindest attempts at consolation in a spirit of bitter resentment. Moreover, it took her mind back to the golden days of her youth, when she had reveled in luxury and had known the protecting care of a husband.

The spell of old memories must have been strong upon Mrs. Wilks, for she occasionally dropped her H's.

Her lamentations were fitful, being interrupted by brief stretches of slumber, from which she would wake to wail over her lot, and to call upon her departed helpmate.

"Never, never," she cried, "was I accustomed to this sort of thing, nor educated for it! Oh, if I 'ad you 'ere, my 'usband! Oh, George, George!"

"Paul," whispered Adèle in his ear, "did you hear that? She spoke of her husband as George, and I am sure she called him Robert just a little while ago."

"Yes, dear," said Paul, "and I think you must have had a little nap, or you would have heard her refer to him some time ago as Alexander."

"Oh, Paul, dear," Adèle whispered, "this is dreadful!"

"Look there!" cried Paul, suddenly; "there's the sun!"

It is only at times such as these that commonplace folk realize something of the beauty of that miracle that occurs three hundred and sixty-five times in every year—the birth of a new day. The Browns had come out for adventure, and to see what life had to show them; and in that moment they both felt that they were looking upon one of the most beautiful things that had

(Continued on page 25)



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## The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 24)

ever happened to the earth. And yet they might have seen it any day in the year out of any one of their east windows.

"How heavenly!" whispered Adèle in hushed rapture.

"Yes," said Paul; "and that's the tavern right over there on the other side of the river."

"That's so," said Adèle, looking, with a new interest in her brown eyes, at the low, comfortable white building that began to rise above the river mist, among a clump of huge willows just across the stream.

"Doesn't it seem to you, Paul, as if you had never thought before just what a nice thing breakfast is, too?"

"I'm going to have some breakfast," said Paul, "if I have to swim for it. Here, let's wake these people up. I'm blessed if they aren't all asleep."

"I don't believe," remarked Adèle, reflectively, "that they mind *anything*. But don't wake them up for just a minute—look, dear!"

They were both of them stiff and sore and tired; but, as they looked out upon the new morning, it was all so fresh and fair, so bright from its bath of rain, so tender in its summery greens, softened by the delicate gray haze that hung over the river and lifted a little and then faded out from the face of Nature, as if to cheat the eye, that they could think of nothing but the beauty before them; and their awakening hearts were stronger than their stiffened limbs.

Like the light of eyes that awake and look into the face of a loved one, the landscape came out of the mist. They were far away from the town, out in the happy country. The broad river flowed by them, still rippling in its fullness, but clear and pure. There were green fields and patches of woodland on either side, and right opposite them that comfortable and home-like looking tavern stood white among the great green willows with their brownish-yellow trunks. And, as they stepped out upon the stones that the rapidly subsiding waters had left bare, they saw the graceful line of the big stone bridge reaching across to the other side, arch after arch, bearing on its broad shoulders the road that led to the open door of the old hostelry. The door was open; they could see it from where they stood on the stones, with the water just at the soles of their shoes. And it seemed as if Breakfast actually beckoned to them from that welcoming portal.

They stood there for a minute or two, and took a brief proprietorship in the sun and the sky and the green woods and the quick rushing river, and then they set about wakening their companions. Mrs. Wilks was the most difficult to rouse. For a long time she only grunted in an amiable way, as often as Paul shook her. At last she opened her eyes and said, as one talking in a dream:

"Cologne? No, never. I deny it!"

And then she rubbed her eyes and awoke definitely. A puzzled look came into her face as she put her hand to her head.

(Continued on page 26)

# The Harvest Sale

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## The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 25)

"Where did I get it?" she inquired of Miss Georgie Mingies.

"My cologne," said Miss Mingies, simply.

"I'll give you another bottle, my dear," said Mrs. Wilks, "just as soon as the luck turns."

"Aunt Sophy," said Miss Mingies, with impressive decision, "you always were a lady."

"She always was," returned Mr. Slingsby, pleasantly. "Now, will the lady wade, or will she go out of this pick-a-back?"

"Aren't you broke enough as it is?" inquired Aunt Sophy, who was evidently fast recovering the use of her faculties. "I'll walk, as far as I'm concerned. I'd like to rinse off a little."

There was no longer any difficulty in getting out of their uncomfortable quarters, and the bedraggled party slowly but safely made its way to the shore, and started over the bridge toward the tavern. Each member of the group was becoming conscious of a new stiffened joint at each step of the way.

"Did you ever see a second-hand set of marionettes?" said Mr. Slingsby.

Paul had never had that experience.

"Well, that's the movement we've got on us," said Mr. Slingsby.

With the soft glow of the early morning sun illuminating their damp and clinging garments, the remains of the Aggregation and the two Browns presented themselves at the tavern-door. They were all partners in misery and equals in misfortune, so far as the eye could see. There was nothing now to distinguish Mrs. Brown's hat, in respect to social position, from even the worst of those worn by her sisters in distress, which was unquestionably the strange and towering structure that topped the head of Mrs. Wilks.

And yet they smiled as they looked at each other, and not with the derisive smile with which the inn-keeper regarded them, but with the happy and innocent smile which children at their play exchange with one another. Wet and stiff and sore, fellowshipping with vagabonds in the same plight as themselves, the Browns were having a good time.

"Well, you *are* a healthy looking lot!" said the fat, red-faced landlord, as he gazed upon them. "Be'n out in the wet, ain't you?"

"Damn his impudence!" said Mr. Slingsby to Paul. "He thinks there isn't any money in the crowd. He little knows—"

Here a sudden misgiving caused Mr. Slingsby to change his confident expression.

"Say," he whispered, anxiously, "you *have* got some scads, haven't you?"

"Scads?" repeated Paul, doubtfully.

"Yes. Plunks—gold—spondulix—cash—money, you know," exclaimed Mr. Slingsby. "Runyon didn't get away with all you had, did he?"

Next Week

Part IV THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

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those who think they are well but who are in reality missing half the pleasures of living. These facts and many others were discovered by Alois P. Swoboda and resulted in his marvelous new system of cell-culture.

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Swoboda has shown men and women in all parts of the world and in all walks of life, how to build a keener brain, a more superb, energetic body, stronger muscle, a more vigorous heart, a healthier stomach, more active bowels, a better liver and perfect kidneys. He has times without number shown how to overcome general debility, listlessness, lack of ambition; lack of vitality—how to revitalize, regenerate and restore every part of the body to its normal state—how to recuperate the vital forces,—creating a type of physical and mental super-efficiency that almost invariably results in greater material benefits than you ever before dreamed were possible to you.

Swoboda is only one perfect example of the Swoboda system. He fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. Visit him, talk with him and you are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda System of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed mind and body—in his wonderful energy—the correctness of his theories and of the success of his methods.

Swoboda numbers among his pupils judges, senators, congressmen, cabinet members, ambassadors, governors, physicians and ministers—working men as well as millionaires.

## A Startling Book—FREE

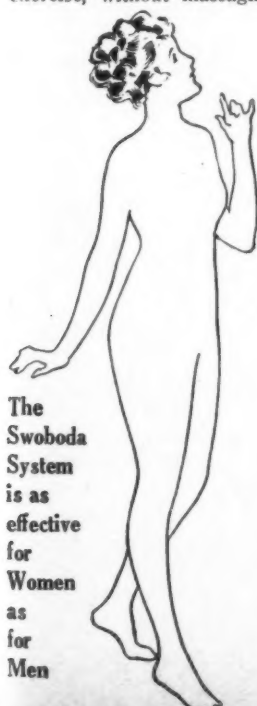
No matter how well you feel, no matter how successful you are, Swoboda has written a wonderful book that you should read—a book that shows how you can become ten times as healthy, ten times as full of energy and vitality, ten times as capable of enjoying life to the full as you've ever been before. Until you read this book and learn what Swoboda has done for others, you can never know the possibilities of life that you are missing.

Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it or write a letter or even a postal card and mail to Alois P. Swoboda, 1969 Aeolian Bldg., New York. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages of Swoboda's book, you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. By all means do not delay, do not say, "I'll do it later," but send the coupon or a letter or postal card now, while the matter is on your mind. Remember the book is absolutely free—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write now.

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# Quality is the only premium offered smokers of Prince Albert tobacco!

Your pet smokeappetite pretty quick bats out an opinion that the piece of change you lay on the counter for Prince Albert pipe and cigarette tobacco gets you full-to-the-brim *quality*! Or, exactly what your money pays for—and *what you certainly are entitled to receive!*

Demand for Prince Albert in every civilized country in the world long ago confirmed our judgment that smokers prefer quality rather than coupons or premiums. No inducement *other than quality* has ever been offered with Prince Albert! That's why national or state restrictions on the use of coupons or premiums can in no way affect Prince Albert's sale!

You give your smokesection an inning on some P. A. before you are an hour older and you'll have *some* pipe-party with that sweet old jimmy of yours or fifty-fifty-fun rolling

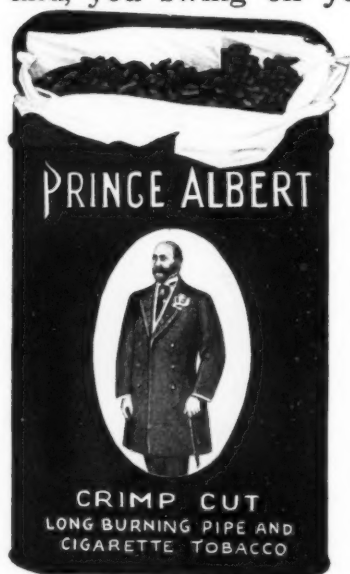
The toppy red bag



cigarettes. For, with Prince Albert for "packing" you can get such z-z-zipp into your smokespeed you'll beat after all the long distance smoke records—and *without bite, without parch!*

Just-joy-for-yours, coming and going, surest thing on the carpet, for

Prince Albert is made by a patented process that *cuts out bite and parch!* You hit the trail to that more-ish P. A. flavor and fragrance and coolness in the very first inning; and, you swing on your pleasure-puffings harder and harder *without a come-back!*



The tidy red tin

Prince Albert gives to men who *think* they can't smoke a pipe or roll a makin's cigarette the cheerful privilege of going right to it like a past-grand-master!

Get it straight, once you know P. A. you'll wish the days were longer, and the nights were longer, and that the a. m.-get-going-gong banged howdy-do sooner! *You get so chummy with Prince Albert!*

Everywhere tobacco is sold you will find Prince Albert awaiting your friendly greeting. Topy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors, and that clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such fine condition.

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